

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

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A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

June 6, 1897.



A CHARMING LETTER-CARRIER.

A teacher who is attempting to teach without inspiring the pupil with a desire to learn is hammering on cold iron.

HORACE MANN.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful ground on which we tread,
Beautiful heavens above our head:
Beautiful flowers and beautiful trees,
Beautiful land and beautiful seas.

Beautiful sun that shines so bright,
Beautiful stars with glittering light;
Beautiful summer, beautiful spring,
Beautiful birds that merrily sing.

Beautiful drops of pearly dew,
Beautiful hills and vales to view;
Beautiful herbs that scent the air,
Beautiful things grow everywhere.

Beautiful everything around,
Beautiful grass to deck the ground,
Beautiful fields and woods so green,
Beautiful birds and blossoms seen.

Beautiful flower and beautiful leaf,
Beautiful world, though full of grief.
Beautiful every tiny blade,
Beautiful all that God hath made.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

OLD GLORY'S BIRTHDAY.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

SAY, Carl, guess whose birthday comes the fourteenth of June," called out Harold Morton, as he ran to join his friend on their way to school.

His face was eager as he made the query, for he felt quite sure here was a poser for his chum, as it had been for him when his father propounded it.

Carl looked puzzled, and racked his brain for those dates he had struggled with so often, but none of them would do, and Harold laughed teasingly, for not often did he have so good a chance to laugh at Carl, who was usually a little ahead of him in his studies.

Will Jerris joined them just then, and the conundrum was proposed to him also.

"Oh, give me an easier one," he replied; "I'm no good on dates, anyway," and he skilfully threw a stone at a guide-post, hitting the middle letter exactly as he had aimed.

"There, let's see you do that," he said laughingly; "that's more in my line."

"The town fathers will be after you for defacing property," rejoined Carl, following suit, but missing the mark entirely.

"They won't trouble you any, sonny, so don't you worry," replied Will, teasingly.

"Question, question!" said Harold, and the others concluded they must give it up.

"June 14, this year, is the one hundred and twentieth birthday of our flag," rejoined Harold, triumphantly; "just think of it, one hundred and twenty years old!"

"How do you make that out?" queried Carl, with interest; and Will's ears were opened at once, for he gloried in a handsome silk banner, which he was proud to display from its staff on every occasion.

"Well, you see the 'King's colors' was the flag of the 'Mayflower,' the red and white crosses on a blue ground, and then the pine-tree flag, a century later, came into use, and that was the flag till the Revolution," said Harold.

"Well, then, Washington had a striped flag at his headquarters in Cambridge, and that was in January, 1776, not June," retorted Carl, recalling his history lessons; "I should think that was the flag's birthday."

"Yes; but you see though it was striped it had the crosses in the corner, and that meant England's rule over the colonies," replied Harold, eagerly. He was sure of his ground, for he had been greatly interested when his father explained the matter to him, and it made more impression than a dozen history lessons learned word for word. Here was something that was easy enough to remember, simply because it had to do with a common object, and he was only too glad to impart the information to the others.

"It was on June 14, 1777, that Congress voted for a striped flag, thirteen stripes, and thirteen stars on a blue field; so that makes it just one hundred and twenty years old in June this year," said Harold, "and I tell you, boys, I think such a birthday as that ought to be celebrated, don't you?"

"Let's," said Will, with enthusiasm; "what'll we do? Fireworks and a band, or what?"

"No," said Harold, decidedly; "let's do something worth doing, and give the town a surprise-party."

"Paint the town red, eh?" rejoined Will.

"Red, white, and blue would be more to the point, I should say," retorted Carl.

"I've got a scheme to unfold," said Harold, "so get the fellows and come on at recess, and we'll talk it up," and as the bell rang they parted with this agreement.

"Speech, speech," was the cry, as "the fellows," which was understood to mean the boys of the first class in the Granville school, gathered in a little knot in the corner of the school-yard at recess.

"I tell you, fellows," said Harold, who was a general favorite, "I think we're dreadfully behind the times that we haven't any flag on our schoolhouse, and there's the scheme in a nutshell. Why, every little country schoolhouse nowadays has a pole and a flag, and here we are with our nice new building and no flag at all. Now June 14 is the one hundred and twentieth birthday of our flag."

"Whe-ew, how you talk!" whistled some one.

"Knows it all, don't he?" laughed another, nudging his neighbor.

Harold laughed good-naturedly at these interruptions, saying, —

"Have'n't known it very long, brothers, and I'm bound to hold on to an idea when I get one."

"Don't give it away, then," was the rejoinder.

"Well, now, here we are the first class in school, and of course we want to be a shining example to all the freshys coming after, so I propose that we all pitch in and buy a first-class flag to hang on that lonesome white pole up there," pointing to the school-house.

"How'll we do it?" was the query, for the speech was applauded and all agreed it would be a grand scheme.

"First place, we mustn't let anybody know a word about it; mum's the word, you know," said Harold. "Let anybody get hold of what we're doing, and it may dash the whole business. Now, we can all of

us find work to do this time of year, I know, and the best way to do anything is to do it."

There was a good deal of enthusiasm as the boys discussed the matter, and now and then a shout of laughter caused the younger boys to glance toward that corner and wonder what was "up" now. The parents were somewhat puzzled also at the sudden diligence with which their youthful sons were inspired, and many a yard which had been waiting for a leisure day was made to take on a more inviting appearance when a bargain was made in dollars and cents.

"I tell you what 'tis," said old Mr. Grant, Will Jerris's grandfather, "somethin' the matter with all these boys. There's some deviltry in the wind, I'll be bound. I heerd 'em talkin' about hangin' somebody or somethin', and then they laughed like to split;" and the old gentleman, who was sure to look on the dark side, gazed anxiously after his grandson, who was just then industriously raking up the yard, and shook his head doubtfully over the unusual occurrence.

It was quite evident to any who were at all observing that the boys wanted money for something, but just what, nobody was quite able to find out.

"Wait till the Fourth of July," was the usual reply to any questions, and that might mean anything or nothing, so all people had to do was to wait and see.

A week before the fourteenth of June, several large posters appeared in various parts of the town announcing that patriotic exercises would be held on the common on that date, "it being the one hundred and twentieth birthday of our national flag."

The common, as is the case in many towns, was directly in front of the schoolhouse, and the notice being well circulated, four o'clock, the hour mentioned in the posters, found a good-sized audience on hand.

Miss Phelps, the principal of the school, had been let into the secret, and the boys found in her a most effectual ally.

The idea of patriotic exercises was hers, and it was well carried out with recitations and songs, and a speech by one of the prominent men of the town, who spoke of the diligence with which the boys had worked for their object, and brought his address up to a climax just as the handsome new banner was run up to the top of the staff, in full sight of everybody. For a moment surprise closed every mouth, but the next the air rang with cheers, and a buzz of admiration and approval went round, which was only interrupted by the striking up of "America," in which everybody joined with a will.

If it had been glory alone for which the boys worked so diligently they would have been rewarded, for the "freshys" were duly impressed, and were of the opinion that the 97's were pretty good sort of fellows after all, and the townspeople did not tire of talking the affair over for many a day.

But the "Old Glory" that floated above their heads was the greatest reward after all, and the boys agreed one and all that that was a birthday celebration that "paid."

JUNE.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, grasping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen,

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace.

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the egg beneath her wings

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;

Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true

As for grass to be green or skies to be blue.

'Tis the natural way of living.

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;

And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;

The soul partakes the season's youth,

And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe

Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,

Like burnt out craters healed with snow.

Vision of Sir Launfal.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE "MERMAID'S" TRIAL TRIP.

In Two Parts. — Part I.

BY M. A. L. LANE.

FRED ATWOOD and I had built her ourselves, and she was a beauty. Even old Captain Bentley, the veteran boat-builder, who had sauntered down to see her launched, took his pipe out of his mouth in sheer astonishment.

"She rides like a duck, boys!" said he, enthusiastically. And we nodded solemnly, after the manner of lads hursting with gratified pride.

When the old man had gone back into his shop, and the door was fairly shut, we seized each other's hands and capered about on the beach like a pair of lunatics.

"And he did n't want to lend us his old steam-box," said Fred, scornfully. "Guess he's found out that we know something about boats after all. Did you see him stare at my figure-head?"

The "Mermaid" was a sailboat, twenty-two feet long, cat-rigged, with lines as fine and clean-cut as a race-horse. Fred, who was clever with his fingers, had fashioned out of whitewood a tiny figure-head, which graced her prow. The rippling hair and graceful sinuous tail of the little mermaid were remarkably well done, and added to the dainty appearance of the trim craft. She lay at the mouth of the harbor in the soft stillness of the late afternoon, like a great white bird, dipping gently into each wave as it rolled in with the gathering tide. We scanned the sky with professional anxiety.

"Hope it won't blow too hard," said Fred, when we had finally torn ourselves away from the beach; "I want to shake out that big sail to-morrow and see her go."

"She'll go fast enough," said I, striding along with my hands in my pockets. "Mind, though, you don't say anything to the boys till we've tried her once."

"All right," said Fred, reluctantly. It was evident that he yearned for public applause. We turned to take a last look at our treasure before we struck into the road for the town. Our proud eyes singled out directly the slender mast topped with its gay

pennant. How mean and dingy looked every other boat in the harbor!

"Josie was as proud as a peacock because you let her christen the boat," said Fred, as we neared home.

For the first time since the exciting moment when the "Mermaid" slid off the rollers into the water, I bethought me of the young lady I had thus honored.

"Where is Josie?" I asked; "I forgot all about her."

"Oh, she went off round the point to meet her brother," said Fred, carelessly; "there's something going on at the hotel to-night, I believe."

"And of course she'll tell him all about it," said I, wrathfully. "That comes of letting girls into secrets,—especially city girls who haven't any common sense. It's all your fault, Fred Atwood. I could have christened her myself."

"But they always have girls do it," pleaded Fred; "and Josie Adams is the prettiest girl about here."

"And her brother's the most disagreeable fellow that ever came into this town," I went on, still with some temper. "He's a dude, that's what Chris Adams is!"

This being in my estimation equivalent to calling him a thief and a cut-throat, my rancor was somewhat relieved. Yet I could not resist a final fling at poor Fred, as he turned off at the green lane that led to his father's house.

"You'll see, to-morrow, when we try to get out of the harbor with the wind and tide against us,—you'll see if Chris Adams isn't there with a crowd of others to crow over us."

"Guess they won't crow much," said Fred, defiantly. "And the wind's coming round to the south."

"Hope it will," I cried, in high good humor again as I thought of the delight in feeling the "Mermaid's" tiller tug and strain in a stiff breeze on the quarter. "Good-night, Fred."

"Good-night." Fred's voice came rather faintly over the meadow. He was picking his way, I knew, to escape wet feet and a sore throat. Exulting in my own sturdy strength, I ran on and met my mother at the door.

"Well, Ben," she said, "how's the boat?"

That was one reason, I suppose, that I loved my mother so much. She was never too tired or too busy to show her interest in what I was doing.

"Tip-top," I said, "and the pennant was just right. We're going to have a sail in her to-morrow."

"You are sure she is safe and tight?" asked my mother. Even the best mothers will ask such questions as these. She laughed, herself, as soon as the words were out of her mouth. "And I suppose it is n't of any use to ask you to be careful," she went on; "but you know how I feel about it, Ben."

We were both grave enough now. Yes, I knew how she felt about it. A boy whose father has been lost at sea is not likely to scoff at his mother's fears. I held her tight a minute in my strong arms, feeling only how good she was to let me go.

"I can't help it,—wanting to go, I mean," I said, with some self-reproach.

"I know it, dear." Her eyes were shining with unshed tears. "You are your father right over again, and I wouldn't have you any different if I could." Then we both smiled at this logical speech and went in to supper.

"I'm glad the boarders are out of the way to-night," said I, my mouth full of gingerbread. "I must talk about the boat to somebody, but not to Chris Adams."

"I wish you didn't dislike him so," my mother said wistfully. "Twelve dollars a week help a great deal in the housekeeping, Ben, and I should feel sorry to have them go anywhere else."

"All right. I won't turn him out just yet," said I, with a reassuring nod across the table. "When I'm old enough to work, though, you sha'n't be tyrannized over by any such upstart as he is,—just remember that."

"Only two years more of school, Ben," said mother, cheerily; "then I won't take summer boarders unless you are willing. But Josie's a nice little thing. I'm very fond of her."

"Nice enough, for a girl," I admitted, "and Chris may be as unpleasant as he likes, I won't say a word to him. Don't worry, mother," and with that I fell to talking of the "Mermaid," and Chris Adams was forgotten.

The next morning dawned bright and warm. The wind blew from the southeast, strong and steady; out beyond the point the sea was a beautiful deep blue. Overhead a few light clouds lay motionless, and along the horizon a belt of dazzling light reflected up into the sky so that the clear blue above it seemed almost black in contrast.

Fred and I walked sedately along the beach, carrying our lunch-boxes and our heavy coats. Fred had his rubbers and a small bottle of Jamaica ginger. To watch us no one would have dreamed of our blissful excitement.

As we rounded a little point of rocks the "Mermaid" came into view. Some one was sitting on the deck, swinging his long legs carelessly, a thin curl of smoke going up from the cigarette he held between his taper fingers.

"Chris Adams!" said I. "Now we're in for it."

Fred looked frightened; he was a little fellow, and not inclined to pick a quarrel.

"What can you do?" he whispered, though we were still a hundred feet from the boat; "it's so early there isn't a soul in sight."

I looked up and down the beach. The boat-builder's shop had its shutters up, and the dories of the lobstermen were still hauled up on the beach. For a moment I was uncertain what to do next. Chris was a taller, older boy than I, and though I would have risked a fair fight with him, the odds were all against me here. If I approached him in a warlike spirit he might even do some injury to the "Mermaid,"—a thought not to be tolerated. Moreover, the promise I had made my mother flashed through my mind,—with some regret, I am bound to own. Meanwhile I had loosed my dory, and motioned Fred into the stern.

"Good-morning, Chris," said I, as coolly as I could; "how did you get out there?"

"Swam," said Chris, laconically. "Nice morning for a bath."

He said *bawth*, and I despised him in my soul. The dory touched the shining side of the larger boat and we clambered aboard. I stowed away our provisions in the little cuddy with as indifferent an air as I could muster. Then I dragged up the anchor and began to shake out the sail. Fred helped me with nervous eagerness.

"Going down the bay?" Chris asked in his slow drawl, shifting one leg over the other and looking at us over his shoulder, curiously. This was evidently not what he had expected.

"Yes, for a few hours. Come along with us, if you like."

Fred gazed up at me, astonished. I grasped the halliards with fingers that itched to lay hold of the immaculate figure beside me. Already I repented my invitation and my rash promise. My great fault was a quick and violent temper. Could I keep it under all day if he persisted in irritating me? Yet I could not put him out of the boat, and I saw that in his eye which would have made entreaty useless could I have stooped to it. He had made up his mind to go with us. Very well, he should go as an invited guest and not as an interloper.

Fred, delighted at the prospect of peace at any cost, laid his hand on the tiller to bring the boat up into the wind, when Chris tossed away his cigarette, and strode into the standing-room.

"Here," said he, "I'll steer," and shoving the smaller boy rudely aside, he took the coveted place.

I bit my lip as I jumped down from the deck.

For one wild moment I meditated pitching him into the clear green water that was already bubbling in our wake. I remembered how he had taunted me with my patched clothes and shabby boots, how he had covertly and openly sneered at our little home for days and weeks past, and, what was harder to bear than all, I remembered the careless insolence with which he had repaid my mother's efforts to please him. Yet it was this last thought which restrained my furious anger. For her sake I would overlook even this.

I let down the centreboard with a thrill of pride as I noted how steady and even was the "Mermaid" in the rush of the waves at the harbor's mouth. Not a boat there could have stood out to sea as she did. The lap of the water against the swelling curves of her white sides was sweetest music in my ears.

(To be continued.)

For Every Other Sunday.

RESPONSIBILITY.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

And should the rose forget to bloom,
How bare the June would be!
In spite of all our eyes might see,
There'd be a sense of loss and gloom.

And should the dove forget to sing,
How silent were the dales,
E'en where at times sweet song prevails,
And where hath been the happy spring!

And should the youth forget to love
The great and good and true,
The world with sorrow we should view,
Nor think of rose, or hear the dove.

It is for hearts to gain all bliss,
And make the earth divine,
By letting all the virtues shine,
And fearing lest e'en one we miss.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE EMPTY TENEMENT.

BY SUSAN B. ROBBINS.

IN the yard near my back door stands a big elm-tree. Its leaves are all gone now, and its bare branches toss about in the wind. One morning last spring I heard a sound up in the top of my tree. I went to the door and looked up into it,—it was beautifully fresh and green then. I looked and listened, and soon I heard the sound again. It was a loud, clear voice, and I knew to whom it belonged. As I kept on looking, I saw a flash of orange and black.

"I am so glad," said I, "that the golden robins have come, and I hope they will build in my elm-tree."

You know golden robins love to build their nests in elm-trees. They hang them on the slender branches, and they look like little baskets rocking in the wind.

For a number of days I heard the voices of the golden robins, or orioles,—you know most birds have more than one name,—and I began to be sure they would live there all summer.

But one day I heard a new voice; and, after looking for the owner of it for some time, I spied him, perched on a branch. He was a black and white bird, and he had the brightest red spot on the upper part of his breast. He sang very beautifully; and all that day I heard him upon the elm-tree. He was a stranger to me, and I wanted to know his name. So I went to the bird-book, and found a description of him. He was the rose-breasted grosbeak.

After this the oriole did not come around much; and when he did the grosbeak would drive him away.

You have heard of the dog in the manger? Well, although the grosbeak gave me beautiful concerts all summer, and although he is a handsome fellow, I can't help thinking that he acted like the dog in the manger. For—would you believe it?—he not only drove away the oriole, but he did not build his own nest in the tree at all.

THE MONTHS.

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting round their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings thunder-showers,
Apricots, and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn;
Then the harvest home is borne

Warm September brings the fruit;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Brown October brings the pheasant;
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast —
Hark! the leaves are whirling fast.

Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

SARA COLERIDGE.



MOUNT TABOR.—PALESTINE.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE SPRY LITTLE MARMOT AND HIS UNWELCOME TENANT.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

IN the portions of country where the marmots take up their abode, their villages are very numerous, sometimes covering several acres, and often spreading over the surface for miles.

Their buildings outside are elevated mounds; you will find the front door either at the top or the side. The passage in the mound descends vertically for one or two feet, then is continued obliquely downwards, until it ends in a large hall within which the marmot makes a cosy cell, into which he can go and sleep through the cold months, secure from the storms that rage outside. This bedroom, as you might call it, is round, and formed of dried grass put together in such a compact mass that you could roll it over the floor quite roughly and it would not injure it in the least. There is a small opening at the top, only large enough to admit one's finger.

These burrows are kept by the prairie-dogs, or marmots, in the neatest repair, — not a scrap of any material injurious to the health of the family lurks in the corners or entry; everything is scrupulously clean.

There is a persistent creature of the feathered tribe who pushes his way into the peaceful marmot dwellings, and stays there too, moving briskly in and out as if he were the owner, and the real landlords but tenants. This lazy bird is the burrowing owl; he does not care to build his own home, but walks into one that is ready made, and does not pay a single cent of rent either.

Sometimes the rightful owners are driven entirely away; you can always tell when such is the case, as the owl is a miserable housekeeper and everything goes to rack and ruin in a short time. The top caves in, and the sides are tunnelled by the rains, while the tidy marmots who once made it so homelike, are

driven off to build new habitations, perhaps for some other owl to seize.

In St. Domingo the burrowing owl redeems his bad character; there he digs for himself a burrow two feet deep, at the bottom of which he forms a fine bed of moss, herb stalks, and dried roots; here Mrs. Owl lays her two pure white eggs. When the babies are only covered with down, they will frequently go up to the entrance to enjoy the sun.

In some places the food of this bird is entirely of insects; in St. Domingo, however, it feeds upon rats, mice, and reptiles.

The burrowing owl is nine and a half inches long. The bill is horn color, paler on the margin and yellow on the ridges. The general color of the plumage is light burnt-umber spotted with whitish, paler on the head and upper part of the neck. The tail is very short.

There is still another tenant who not only takes forcible possession of the marmot dwellings, but tucks the owners inside his elastic stomach, — that is the rattlesnake; the burrowing owl, too, suffers the same fate. Far and wide scatter the luckless inmates, when this greedy creature insinuates itself into the thriving villages; even if he has previously dined and has no evil intentions, he is carefully avoided by both marmot and owl.

It is not well to have a bad reputation.

For Every Other Sunday.

A FORGOTTEN BIRTHDAY.

BY L. AMELIA WILDER.

THE robin in the balm-of-gilead tree was just chirping his last sleepy good-night to his mate on her nest, the cricket's *creek-creek* was beginning to sound soft and far away to Millie Bean, and the sighing wind in the larches near her bedroom window was beginning to sound very much like Millie's breathing, when suddenly Millie sat straight up in bed.

It was not the evening star blinking beautifully

above the slim rim of new moon and in full view from her window that had caused her sudden uprising; for she gave them only a passing glance before lying down again.

The cause, however, might have been found in Millie's petulant words, muttered spitefully as she threw herself upon her pillow again: —

"There! they've all forgotten it; every single one of them, I know! But I won't mention it till it is past. Then I guess they'll feel bad to think they did not remember my birthday when my mother is gone away and I even can't see my own father very often."

And Millie rubbed her eyes, certainly, before again peering out at the pretty sight in the western sky; but I do not think it was because she was sleepy.

This time she gazed long and earnestly, however; so long that the moon and star were just hiding themselves behind the top of the willow hedge at the foot of Grandfather Bean's garden when Millie again lay down; but with such a mischievous giggle of enjoyment that one might be pardoned for suspecting that she had contrived some especially sweet revenge upon her thoughtless relatives.

And she had; but — well, I think I will let Millie tell it in her own words, as she did to Grandma Bean just before retiring.

"Why-e! This is your birthday, is n't it, dearie?" questioned grandma, as Millie came to give her a pretty bouquet she had gathered, and a good-night kiss. "And not one of us remembered it. I guess you must have forgotten it yourself;" and grandma's thoughts travelled rapidly over the events of the day.

"No, I did not forget it, grandma," answered Millie, truthfully, "and at first I felt real provoked because no one else thought about it. Then when I sat looking at the moon last night, all at once it popped into my head that it would be real funny to give presents on my birthday. But I could n't think of anything to give; and then, pretty soon, I thought I'd give such presents they would not know I was doing it. And it has been piles of fun," giggled Millie.

"You see, Uncle George never knew who put that patch on his coat-sleeve; and a patch is such a *conomical* present that I laughed almost all the while I was doing it. And mamma never will think, when she laughs over the letter I wrote her to-day about my falling into the water-tank, that I was making her a present of a laugh, will she?"

"I think not," smiled grandma.

"Then I happened to think of Aunt Lucy's flower garden she wanted Glenn to weed, and he didn't. But she never knew I made her a present of some work."

"But I think the present I made Cousin Glenn was the queerest one. You see, he got mad and struck me when we were playing tennis with the Tompkins' children, and what do you s'pose I made him a present of then, grandma?"

"I do not know," answered grandma, drawing the little girl close to her side, — "a kind word, perhaps."

Millie looked up into grandma's eyes and whispered, "Yes, and a prayer."

Grandma kissed her tenderly and said, "The forgotten birthday was a very happy one after all, was it not, dear child?"

"The very best of all," answered Millie, emphatically.

WHY?

Why are the blossoms
Such different hues?
And the waves of the sea
Such a number of blues?
So many soft greens
Flit over the trees?
And little gray shadows
Fly out on the breeze?

Why are the insects
So wondrously fair,
Illumining grasses
And painting the air?
You dear little shells
Oh, why do you shine?
And feathery seaweed
Grow fragile and fine?

Why are the meadows
Such gardens of grace,
With infinite beauty
In definite space?
Each separate grass
A world of delight?
O food for the cattle,
Why are you so bright?

Why are our faces
Such lovable things,
With lips made for kisses,
And laughter that sings?
With eyes full of love,
That sparkle and gleam
Through beautiful colors,
But change like a dream?

Think for a moment, —
Look up to the sky;
Question your heart; it
Will answer the why!
Bright as the glitter
Of beauty unfurled;
Boundless the love that
Has fashion'd the world.

Selected.



HAPPY SPRING DAYS.

grasshopper, out of Ben's hand. Ben named him "Tony Spot."

When the cold weather of the winter came on, Tony Spot became very quiet. He would lie still at the bottom of the box almost all the time, and did not seem to want to eat anything. Ben worried a great deal about him, and felt sure he was sick and was going to die, but it was only the way nature had provided for him to get through the long cold winter, when the brooks would be covered with ice. As soon as the warm weather of the next spring came, he became as lively as ever, and had a most astonishing appetite. He had grown very fast, and by the time he had been a year in the box, was nearly twice as long as when he was caught. He was very tame, too, and did not seem to mind at all if Ben took him in his hands when he came up to the top of the water to eat.

One day Miss Mayne, the principal of the high school in the village, happened to walk past the house just as Ben was feeding Tony Spot, and Ben called to her to come and see his fish.

Miss Mayne was a very bright young woman, who was always planning ways to interest her scholars, and help them to learn. After she had watched Ben feed Tony, she said, "Do you think, Ben, that you could bring Tony to school some day, for a little while, if you had a glass globe to put him in?"

"I don't know," said Ben. "I guess so. What for?"

"Well, I have a class in zoölogy this term. They are just studying about fishes, and next week they will take up the 'Salmonidae,'" — Ben did n't quite understand that word then, — "and if they could have Tony there in a globe before them, for a while, they would learn more than they could in any other way."

And so the next week Tony Spot went to school. Miss Mayne borrowed a big glass globe, and Ben put him in it, and carried him very carefully to the school-house. The globe stood for two hours on Miss Mayne's desk, while the class in zoölogy studied and made sketches. Tony looked very handsome in the clear water, and acted quite as if he knew that he was on exhibition. Ben, who was asked to stay and take care of him, was careful to see that the water in the globe was kept fresh, and when he went home after school, and carried Tony back to his box, he was the proudest boy in town.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE SANDAL-WOOD BOX.

BY MAY MANNERING.

GRANDMOTHER had a beautiful sandal-wood box, inlaid with silver and ivory, which one of her dear sons had brought to her from India. This box she always kept on a little mahogany "light stand" by the side of grandfather's arm-chair at a window where she sat and looked out upon the sugar maples.

When the air was full of dampness, and the salt breeze was blowing in from the sea, this sandal wood always gave out its richest perfume. Grandmother, with her white lace neckerchief and lovely silver curly hair, would look very sober then, and the young folks around her would know that she was thinking about the missing ships, and of some of her dear

Ben did not catch any more trout that day. He changed the water in the pail twice, so as to keep it fresh, and when he reached home the fish seemed as lively as ever.

The water in the kitchen, at the house, came in a long line of pipe from a clear cold spring on the hill up back of the barn. It flowed first into a tank in the corner of the kitchen, and then from this the waste water ran into another large box in the woodshed, fixed so that the horses could drink there in summer. The water here was so clear and cool, and the box so large, that Ben decided to put his trout in this box, and see if he could not keep him alive. At first the fish was very wild, stayed in a dark corner of the box, and would not eat anything. After a while, though, he got so that he would dart out of his corner and snap up a bit of raw beef which Ben threw into the water. Before the summer was over he had grown quite tame, and would come up to the top of the water and take the meat, or a

TONY SPOT — AND HOW HE WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY MAX BENNETT THRASHER.

ONE Saturday, before the spring term of school had closed, Ben went up Autumn-Still, fishing. Autumn-Still was the name of the brook. He went alone, because his three cousins, who usually went with him on such an expedition, had gone to spend the day with their grandma.

To tell the truth, he generally had quite as good luck when he went alone, for when four boys go fishing together they are apt to make so much noise that none but very foolish fish will bite.

This time Ben did not really expect to catch many fish, for it was a little too early in the season for trout to bite; so he carried a small tin pail, and planned that if he did get any he would bring them home alive. As it happened he caught only one, — a pretty little trout, not more than six inches long. As soon as Ben had taken the fish from the hook, which he did very carefully, so as not to hurt him, he hurried to dip his pail full of water from the brook and put the fish in the pail. Of course he was badly frightened, at first, and every time Ben looked in the pail the fish would dash about so that it seemed as if he must hurt himself against the side of the pail. Fortunately there was a cover to the pail, so he could not throw himself out.

ones who had gone down upon the sea never to come back. But generally the dear face was bright and happy, in spite of its being long past its threescore years and ten; and people were made happy by just looking at her.

When the children came around for a story, this dear little grandmother always had something to tell about "old times," when she was a little girl, or when her children were little boys and girls. Sometimes she would open the sandal-wood box and bring out treasures which had a story to go with them.

Once when little Patience asked for a story, grandmother said: "Did I ever tell you about my little Valeria Marchmont and the blush roses from grandpa's pet bush at the foot of our garden? She was, you know, your own beautiful mother, child, and now she is in heaven."

"Oh, tell me more about her, dear grandmother," said little Patience. "I can never hear enough."

Grandmother took a key from the end of a long gold chain, which she always wore about her neck, and unlocked the sandal-wood box, and took out some papers filled with the sweet perfume but very yellow with age.

"Oh, what queer writing!" said the little girl. "I'm afraid I cannot read it, dear grandmother."

Then grandmother put on her gold-bowed spectacles and examined the paper. "My eyes are getting dim, Patience, child, and I fear I cannot read it; but I have it all in my head, for I wrote it myself, long, long ago."

"Oh, then, say it to us, you precious grandmother," said Patience, as she kissed the soft, rosy cheeks, and smoothed the silver hair.

So, in a low, sweet voice, the little grandmother began:—

"LAFAYETTE'S RETURN.

"In dear old Portsmouth by the sea
A gala day it is to be;
With flags and banners, pennants gay,
The people celebrate the day.

"The bands of music far and near
Play tunes that all delight to hear,—
'Hail Columbia,' lay of lays,
'Auld Lang Syne,' and 'Marseillaise.'

"'T is eighteen hundred twenty-four;
Brave Lafayette is here once more,
The noble patriot, friend indeed,
Who helped us in our hour of need.

"The air is filled with shout and cheer;
America's staunch friend is near.
We see his manly form and face;
He lifts his hat, he bows with grace.

"Sweet little girls, all dressed in white,
A lovely, a most pleasing sight,
With children from the schools around,
Spread flowers all along the ground.

"At our dear church on 'Old Parade'
Processions stop, a halt is made.
Our honored guest the people praise;
They wish him many happy days.

"The children run to take the hand
Of one beloved throughout our land.
My little girl, with eyes so bright,
The Marquis sees with much delight.

"The child presents blush roses fair;
The gallant general then and there
Stoops down and kisses both her cheeks,
And words of gratitude he speaks.

"At last the soldiers march away;
But we cannot forget that day,—
The flags, the music, Lafayette,
And how he kissed our little pet."

WILD FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather,
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashioned all
Than those that flourish by a garden wall;
And I can image you, as in a dream,
Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlet small,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fixed as in a queenly diadem,
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light erewhile into the world came,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose, the speedwell's peeping eyes,
Our own bluebell, the daisy that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow,
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees,
I often wish that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake.
The evening star grows dim and fades away,
And morning comes and goes, and then the day
Within the arms of night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love!
The wild bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts to nature true ye strangely move,
Ye are so passing fair, so passing free,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell,
The dingle deep, the moorland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
And though the worldling, scorning, may deride,—
I love ye all!

ROBERT NICOLL.

For Every Other Sunday.

JAMIE, THE CRIPPLE.

BY LUCY F. GERRISH.

HURRAH! Ten cents every week for all the errands I do!" shouted Ralph to his friend Herbert, as he rushed out of the house on his way to school. "I am to do just what I like with the money, and you had better believe I shall have what I want, too."

"I wish I could have ten cents," said Herbert, softly, "but I don't think my mamma could spare it to me, there are so many of us; and, you know, Jamie is sick so much we have lots of bills to pay. Poor Jamie! I do wish his back would not keep growing so crooked and ache so; I would like to have him grow well."

The two boys started off to school; and during the opening exercises Ralph was thinking all the time what Herbert had said about little Jamie. He knew Jamie was a cripple, but he did not realize that he must suffer a great deal. He looked over at Herbert, and wondered if he ever had any money to spend.

Ralph was an only child, and had been brought up to have very nearly whatever he liked, and it was hard for him to be willing to go without what he wanted.

His mother had grieved a great deal of late to find him so unwilling to do what she asked; and so she thought she would pay him every week, and see what he would do with the money. Ralph was a dear little boy, but he did so love to have his own way, and sometimes that grieved his parents very much.

After school Ralph rushed home to do the errands. The first day it was great fun, and the second day also; but the third day, when he had to go a very long way without his chum as company, he began to think it was a lot of trouble for ten cents. He did a great deal of complaining, until one day he met Herbert going for the doctor, as little Jamie was worse.

"Oh," cried Herbert, "we ought to be so glad we can walk and feel well!"

"How did God happen to make him that way?" said Ralph to his mother that night.

"He did not make him that way, dear," replied his mother. "I will tell you all I know about it. One beautiful day in summer, when the world was lovely in all her beautiful colors, and the tall lilies raised their stately heads ever so high, and the blue sky had not a cloud, little Jamie was taken to his grandma's to stay all day. He was just four years old, and as sweet a little boy as I ever saw. He was very fond of the green fields, and the beautiful butterflies especially, which he would chase, although he never caught them, as his mamma had told him it was unkind to do so.

"He was running about the field after a beautiful yellow butterfly. It flew over the old iron fence; and, as Jamie was very small, he tried to get through after the butterfly; but the fence gave way and fell, crushing little Jamie beneath it. His cries attracted the men who were at work in the field, and they took him up gently and carried him home, never to walk again, as he had injured his spine. So he has to keep in his chair all the time; and mamma thinks he must be a very patient little boy,—much more so than some little boys who have everything,—and I am sure God must be proud of such a patient little sufferer."

"I should not have thought God would let that horrid fence come down," said Ralph.

"It was not God's fault; He made Jamie well and strong. But others were careless, and did not keep the fence as it should be kept. God expects us, dear, to do what we know to be right. He gives us our brains and our hearts; and if we allow things to be undone which we ought to do, some one must suffer for it."

"Do you suppose He would care if I bought an awful lot of candy with my money?"

"I am afraid He would think Ralph rather selfish."

The next day was Saturday. Ralph kept hearing the word "selfish," and his heart seemed full of the story of little Jamie. He thought a great deal; but said nothing. That night his mother gave him a new ten-cent piece, and he felt quite happy, only he heard constantly this word "selfish."

"Oh, bother!" he said. "I wish I did not know how to think. Selfish, indeed! Me, Ralph Highland, selfish! Well, I know she did not mean me."

Nevertheless, the bright little silver-piece still stayed in his pocket. Twice he was tempted to spend it for candy, and twice something said in the little heart, "Selfish!"

Another week went by, and still another and another, until four little silver-pieces, making forty cents, were nicely put away in a little box. Four little pieces of silver! How he did want to spend them! But still the little voice kept saying "selfish," and the pitiful little story of Jamie kept his money from the candy store.

One night, as his mother kissed him good-night,

she said: "What is the matter with my boy, that he is so quiet and thoughtful?"

Ralph choked back a lump which would come in his throat, and with a cry said: "O mother, I can't get that word 'selfish' out of my heart, and I do wish I could make God see me not so selfish. I tried to think it was not me that was selfish, but I know it was."

"Never mind," said his mother; "if you are really sorry, God will understand."

"Mother, dear, I know what I will do with my silver-pieces. I will give them to Jamie to buy whatever he wants; and half of all I can earn Jamie shall have."

"That is mother's noble, unselfish boy. To give others pleasure, dear, will give you much more pleasure than the money possibly could."

The next day the silver-pieces found their way to the sick child; and such a happy boy as little Jamie was, and such a happy face Ralph wore!

The next Saturday night beside his bed he found a piece of paper on which were the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and beside the paper a beautiful picture of the boy Christ; under this, "To my dear little son, that it may help him to be unselfish."

How happy he felt! How glad he was that he had listened to the little voice in his heart! He did not miss the money; and whenever his papa brought him home candy he was sure to share it with Jamie.

For Every Other Sunday.

FATHER'S DINNER.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

"COME, it is eleven o'clock; you know it will take you nearly an hour to go up to Pine Street," said Mrs. Gray to her daughter Marion.

Marion had been playing all the morning in the garden, and so you may fancy her hands were quite soiled.

As soon as she was all ready to take her father's dinner to him, Marion asked, "Mamma, what did you put in the lunch-box for papa's dinner?"

Mrs. Gray answered, "There are two large apple dumplings, a ham sandwich, some soup, and a piece of apple pie."

Marion said, "All right," and with a kiss from mamma she started. As she went down the steps her mamma told her to hurry, for it was nearly half-past eleven, and besides, Mr. Gray would be very hungry by twelve o'clock. Marion promised mamma she would hurry as fast as she could. So once more she waved her hand to her mother, and was then on her way to Pine Street.

When Marion had gone about a quarter of a mile she met Helen Hunt.

"Good-morning, Marion," said Helen. "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"I am going to take papa's dinner to him," Marion replied.

"How far does your father work from here?" asked Helen.

"Oh, about twenty minutes' walk," said Marion.

"Well, I'm going up that way, and if you don't mind I'll walk with you," said Helen.

"Why, not at all," said Marion; "I should be very glad to have your company."

So Marion and Helen went on their way until they came to a lane which they were to cross, when Helen said, "What is your papa going to have for dinner?"

Marion said, "Apple dumplings, soup, a sandwich, and—"

"Apple dumplings!" said Helen. "I think those are perfectly lovely,—that is, if they're the kind my mamma makes."

"Well, these look very nice, and I think they taste as good," said Marion.

"Now," Helen thought to herself, "I should like very much to have one; I'm growing hungry." And suddenly she said, "Oh, Marion, I'm so hungry; are n't you?"

"Quite so," said Marion in reply.

Then Helen looked at Marion, and said, "Your papa don't know what he is going to have for his dinner, and

so—you know I'm very hungry and you the same—why not eat the apple dumplings? There would be just one apiece. Your father will never know it."

"Why, Helen," said Marion, "I am surprised. Do you think I would eat the best part of papa's dinner? And he will be so hungry by noon!"

Now Helen felt very sorry she had said anything about the apple dumplings, and the more she thought of what she had said the more ashamed of herself she felt. At last she bade Marion good-by, and was then on her way home.

Marion thought she would have to tell her papa all about Helen Hunt. When she reached his work, she handed his dinner to him.

"Thank you, my little daughter," said Mr. Gray. "I was in hopes you would come before long. I am very hungry."

So Mr. Gray began to open his lunch-box and take out his dinner. While he was thus doing Marion got a box and sat down beside him to tell him about Helen Hunt.

Marion looked at her father intently for a few moments, and then she asked, "Papa, if I had eaten your apple dumplings what would you have said?"

"Well," said Mr. Gray, "I don't know what I should have said." Then he paused, and said, "But I could never believe that my daughter Marion had done it."

Then Marion told her father that she was not going to play or have anything more to do with Helen, because she had wished her to eat the best part of his dinner. "And besides," said Marion, "if she is that kind of girl, she might lead me to do naughty things too."

"Now, Marion," said Mr. Gray, "if I were in your place I should try to teach Helen to do better things. It would be a much wiser way than to let her go on doing as she has done."

Marion thought this over, and then told her father she would do as he had requested. She inquired, and was told that Helen had never attended a Sunday School. So Helen was invited to go to Marion's Sabbath School (which was Unitarian), and there has been taught many lessons; and now Helen often speaks to Marion about how very bad she was to ask her to do such a very wrong thing just for her sake.

GRACE MAY CASWELL (fourteen years old).

Our prayer and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well: while the one ascends, the other descends.

BISHOP HOPKINS.

For Every Other Sunday.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

WHEN Louisa M. Alcott was a child she was very wild and wilful.

On her fifth birthday she was presented with a pair of new green shoes. Her mother told her not to go out of the yard; but seeing a little playmate playing ball down the street a short distance, she said to herself, "I'll just let that old Mary know that I got some new shoes."

So off she went. But as she passed her little girl said, "My! some folks think they're smart"; and Louisa thought, "I'll just go round this corner, as if I was going to meet some one." So she turned that corner, and several more, not knowing that she was going away from instead of going to her home.

At last she came to the park, and there she stayed and played until she thought it was time to go home. She wandered around for some time, until at last it grew dark, and she was in a street where she had never been before. By the light of the street lamp she saw a big dog lying on a doorstep. She soon made its acquaintance, and, with her head pillowed on the dog's side, fell asleep.

Meanwhile her parents became anxious, and had the town crier go about calling: "Lost! little girl, five years old, white hat, pink dress, and green shoes!"

Louisa was awakened by the noise, and sat up, saying, "Why, that's me!"

The man took her to his home until he brought her parents; and when they came they found her eating bread and molasses very contentedly. But she never ran away again.

ELEANOR WILCOX (eleven years old).

THE SULTAN'S LESSON.

A SULTAN placed before his throne one day Three vases, — one of gold, one amber, and one clay, And, when his seal was set upon each urn, His three sons, at his bidding, chose in turn.

Upon the golden vase, Empire was writ;
Resplendent jewels all around it stood:
The eldest grasped that vase and opened it,
But shrank to find it brimming full of blood.

Glory upon the amber vase shone bright;
Fresh wreaths of laurel twined the letters o'er;
The second seized it quick, but, ah, sad sight!
'T was filled with dust of heroes known no more.

No word was written on the vase of earth;
But still the youngest prince advanced his claim:
He opened the urn amid the courtiers' mirth,
And nought was in it save God's holy name.

The sultan to the throng of courtiers turned,
And asked which of the vases weighed the most;
Various the thoughts that in their bosoms burned,
And came to speech among the glittering host.

The warriors said, "The golden vase of Might,"
The poets said, "The amber vase of Fame,"
The sages said, "The vase emblem of Right,"
The globe is lighter than God's written name.

Then said the sultan, "Sons, remember well
The meaning of the lesson read to-day,
When the scales tremble betwixt heaven and hell,
The name of God will all the rest outweigh."

Alger's Oriental Poetry.

All men wish to have truth on their side,—but few to be on the side of truth.

WHATELY.

SPIDER MOTHERS AND BEE MOTHERS.

I AM afraid you think of spiders as cruel, fierce creatures, because you feel sorry for the buzzing flies they catch in their webs. But I hope you'll think better of them when I tell you that they are the most affectionate mothers, and will allow themselves to be torn to pieces before they will abandon their babies. One spider mother carries her eggs around in a white silk bag as large as a pea. She never lays it down, and she will fight for it as long as she has life. When they are hatched, they are tiny mites of spiders, not grubs; and they hang around their mother, climb on her back in crowds, cling to her long legs, even get on her head. She carries them about wherever she goes. Funny enough she looks, too. Why, she's worse off than the unfortunate old woman who lived in a shoe.

What would you think of thimble-shaped cradles for a bee baby? One little mother makes them in that shape. First she digs a place in dry ground, then makes one thimble, fills it with honey and pollen from the flowers, and puts one egg on it. Then she fits another thimble into that, just as you would slip one thimble into another, only they don't go in very far. The second one stops up the door of the first. So she goes on till she has half a dozen or so, and then she fills the hole with dirt.

Another very careful and thoughtful little mother bee wraps her babies in flannel, to keep them warm. She gets her flannel, or what looks like flannel, from the leaves of some trees, which are woolly. The wise men call her the clothier bee. If you think that's a funny name, what do you think of carpenter bee, and mason bee? The carpenter cuts her baby-house out of wood; and the mason builds hers with bricks, which she makes by gluing together grains of sand.

The gayest of all, however, is the nursery of the upholster bee. This neat little mother first makes a suitable hole in the ground, and carefully smooths the walls. Then she flies to some poppy or rose-bush, and selecting the brightest blossoms she can find, always scarlet, she cuts out little round pieces of the gay flower, and with them completely lines her nursery. She puts two or three thicknesses, to make it warm. I think this bee baby must belong to the royal family, with its dainty scarlet hangings and delicate food of honey. OLIVE THORNE.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE Editor, finding that his Chair needed mending, has sent it off for repairs. It will be back in time for use in the next number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. Meanwhile he is walking around and seeing what there is to talk about and report in the Sunday Schools. No doubt the Editor's wits will be repaired also.

CUBA IN A NUTSHELL.

CUBA is the largest of the West Indies Islands. It is about seven hundred miles long from east to west, and from twenty-one to one hundred and thirty-five miles from north to south. Cuba has a great many excellent harbors and over two thousand miles of coast line, but there are few railroads. Havana is the chief town in Cuba, and is about the size of Montreal. Steamers run regularly from Havana to chief ports on the other islands. The climate is warm and dry, and the soil rich and fertile. Sugar and tobacco raising are the principal industries. Some other products are coffee and tropical fruits. Bananas grow in great abundance. The population of the country is 1,600,000. The Cubans are brave people. They have only a small interior army, but when fighting for freedom are not easily daunted.

Selected.

HELPING THE BIRDS.

LIFE is an uphill struggle with many of our birds, and they are exceedingly grateful for a little help at suitable times. Many readers of "The Record" live in the suburbs of Chicago, and there the boys and girls may, if they wish, help the birds, and have fun besides.

One way to help the birds is to put up a bird-house or two; and you may be lucky enough to have the wrens build in them. Just a word about bird-houses. Numbers of them are built wrong, as you may see by a little observation. The hole for entering is made on a level with the floor; and when the bird attempts to build a nest, the sticks, grass, and feathers close up the only door. In the right sort of bird-house, which is merely a box about eight inches square, the hole for the birds to enter is made in the middle, or slightly above the middle, of the front. When the nest is built, the opening is just on a level with the top of it.

A slanting roof sheds the rain best; and a little doorstep, or place on which the bird can alight, is appreciated. But a plain square box with a hole an inch and one half in diameter in the front of it will do. Nail such a box on the shed or house, out of the way of prowling cats, and wait for luck to bring you a bird. In the suburban towns you are quite likely to get a little brown, fussy, sociable wren before May is gone.

Another way to help the birds is to keep a pan or large flower-pot saucer filled with fresh water in some place where the birds can use it to wash and to drink from. Do not be discouraged if they do not come in the first week, for they must first find it; and, next, unless it is kept full and fresh they will not patronize it regularly. Robins, blue-jays, catbirds, chirping sparrows, and black-birds, all enjoy a good bath and a cool drink, and are likely to come to you.

If an oriole is building near you, throw some brightly-colored worsted, some string, or hemp on the bushes, and the oriole is likely to call for it.

If a bird decides to build near you, you can help him by driving away the rascally English sparrow, which will try to drive him away. But the English sparrow, that tramp among birds, hates the evening bath as much as the man tramp would. So when the sparrow goes to roost at night, or, better still, when the nest is nearly built, make a campaign against him with the hose, and wash him off his roost or his nest from its place, and it will soon begin to dawn upon him that he is not exactly a welcome guest.

Above all, don't rob the nests of our native birds. A collection of eggs does not amount to much anyway; and you will find it more fun to watch the young birds than it is to drive away the old ones. Encourage our native birds to come and live near you, and they will pay you for your trouble by the flowers, bushes, and trees they will save by keeping them clean from insects; and they will throw in a musicale for good measure.—A. C. BEEBE, in "The Chicago Record."

LETTER-BOX.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR EDITOR,—This is my second letter to you, but I write now because I am going to send some puzzles. They are in EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, No. 17. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School here in Chicago. My teacher is Miss Smith; she is just lovely. I hope my puzzles will be all right. I send a verse I made up, too.

Your affectionate friend, ANNA DUNHAM.

[The answers are correct.]

BARNARD MEMORIAL, BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR,—Our sewing-class tried the word "determination." I made the greatest number of words in fifteen minutes, but I have only ninety-four. We were very glad to see Fannie Goldstein's enigma in Vol. XII, No. 16. She was a member of our sewing-class before her family moved to Chicago. We have missed them all very much. The answer to her enigma (XXXIV.) I enclose.

Yours truly, KITTY DOUGHTY.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR EDITOR,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday School of Louisville. It is situated on the southeast corner of Fourth and York Streets. My teacher's name is Miss Bruner. She asked me to-day to get one of the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY papers, and I did so. I am quite pleased with the stories in it, and also the puzzles. I worked Enigma XXXVI., and I received for an answer, "The Sermon on the Mount." Hoping it will be correct,

MARGARET B. FERGUSON.

A RHOMBOID.

Cross Words.—A relative pronoun. What a door sometimes is. An obsolete spelling for the caudal appendage. A meadow.

Down Words.—A consonant. An interjection. Suitable. A New England term for a vehicle. Surname of an American humorist. An exclamation. A consonant.

C. W. DALL.

CROSS WORD:

In water, not in spring.

In laugh, not in sing.

In dress, not in gown.

In city, not in town.

In little, not in small.

In round, not in ball.

In high, not in low.

In come, not in go.

In find, not in found.

In earth, not in ground.

In lily, not in flour.

Whole 's an element of very much power.

C. D. COLTER.

ANAGRAM.

HTE orld pueðthoh lal htta alf.

LESLIE E. GARRISON.

ENIGMA XLI.

I AM composed of seventeen letters.

My 2, 3, is a pronoun.

My 10, 11, 7, 16, is the opposite of low.

My 3, 11, 12, is a girl's nickname.

My 17 is a vowel.

My 9, 14, 15, is the opposite of thin.

My 4, 5, 13, is what farmers do in spring.

My 6, 8, is a negative.

My whole is one of Longfellow's poems.

E. R. J.

ENIGMA XLII.

I AM composed of twenty-eight letters.

My 4, 2, 24, is a conjunction.

My 21, 6, 8, 7, 19, 27, is not large.

My 16, 23, 5, 21, is a girl's name.

My 28, 1, 3, is cross.

My 17, 13, 9, 14, is a rise in the ground.

My 2, 6, 20, 10, is a river in Africa.

My 11, 26, 6, 9, 5, is cold.

My 12, 18, 25, is something to wear on the head.

My 22, 15, is a boy's nickname.

My whole is in the Bible.

BERT SLOAN.

ENIGMA XLIII.

I AM composed of twelve letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a girl's name.

My 11, 2, 5, is something we all do.

My 9, 8, 10, is a mineral.

My 6, 7, 12, is an adverb.

My 2, 3, 1, is part of the body.

My 5, 2, 10, is what they do to leather.

My 6, 3, 11, 2, 9, 7, is made of flowers.

My whole is a lady minister well known in Boston.

HELENA McDUGALL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 18.

Enigma XXXVII. Ignorance is the mother of devotion.
Enigma XXXVIII. The eyes of the Lord are in every place.

Anagram. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.

SLICED ANIMALS—DIVIDED WORDS.

1. Mos(cow); 2. (Pig)eon; 3. (Rat)tan; 4. (Dog)gerel; 5. (Hog)shead; 6. (Sheep)skin; 7. (Moose)head; 8. (Bear)d; 9. (Cat)nip; 10. Fawn.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

H
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BOOK-TABLE.

JOHN HOPKINS MORISON. A memoir by Dr. Morison's children will be welcomed by many readers, some of whom can recall with cordial friendship this gentle but strong character. The different parts of this filial tribute have been well woven together. Where it was possible, Dr. Morison speaks for himself, in his letters, addresses, and sermons. There is also a diary, kept in his younger days, which was drawn upon by the editors. The doctor's noteworthy countenance meets us at the threshold of the book in a most excellent engraving. This is the record of a youth who grew up from conditions very moderate and restricted, and with modest yet firm step walked the pathway of a valuable career. The chief characteristics of Dr. Morison's preaching were a scholarly thoughtfulness, a spiritual-mindedness, and a high standard of Christian discipleship. This volume happily embodies the temper and guiding spirit of Dr. Morison's life, and this is accomplished by judicious selection and a sympathetic interpretation of his life as a whole. The last sermon written by Dr. Morison was penned by him in 1893, on the subject of "The Joy of Life." This was very characteristic. He always took a joyful view of present duty and future destiny. The sermon was never preached by its author, but is given in this volume in full, and forms a fit ending to the book.

(Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 298. Price, \$1.50.)

DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX, by Frances E. Cooke, tells the story of this noble philanthropist. Mrs. Cooke has drawn upon Mr. Tiffany's book for the main facts, and acknowledges this in her introductory note, expressing the hope that her narrative will be the means of introducing English readers to the larger memoir; but this is excellent in its way, and will certainly find its fit place. There is no need of our describing Miss Dix and her work. All we need to mention now is the hope that this little volume may be placed in Sunday-School libraries and homes for reading by the young people. It will point them to a noble, unselfish example, and may inspire in their minds the desire to do something similar in the way of helping humanity. It is an inspiration to read again the account of the obstacles which Miss Dix overcame by her enthusiasm for humanity. Her tireless zeal sheds a light that will not quickly fade,—a light of guidance for those who have unselfish motives and noble ideals.

(London: Sunday-School Association. pp. 104. Price, 50 cents net. Copies can be ordered of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.)

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